

Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;  
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord,

Brut. Portia: What means you? wherefore rise you now?  
It is not for your health, thus to commit  
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. I have vngently Brutus

Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper

You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd vpon me, with vngentle looks.

I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:

Yet I infist'd, yet you answer'd not,

But with an angry waister of your hand

Gave signe for me to leaue you: So I did,

Fearing to strengthen that impatience

Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,

Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,

Which sometime hath his houre with euery man.

It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;

And could it worke so much vpon your shape,

As it hath much preuail'd on your Condition,

I should not know you Brutus. Deare my Lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of griefe.

Brut. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wife, and were he not in health,

He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Brut. Why so I do: good Portia go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sicke? And is it Physicall

To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours

Of the danke Morning? What, is Brutus sicke?

And will he steale out of his wholesome bed

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?

And tempt the Rheumy, and vnpurged Ayre,

To adde vnto his sicknesse? No my Brutus,

You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,

Which by the Right and Vertue of my place

Iought to know of: And vpon my knees,

I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,

By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow

Which did incorporate and make vs one,

That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe

Why you are heauy: and what men to night

Haue had resort to you: for heere haue bene

Some fixe or seuen, who did hide their faces

Euen from darknesse.

Brut. Kneele not gentle Portia.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,

Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets

That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,

But as it were in sort, or limitation?

To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,

And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his Wife.

Brut. You are my true and honourable Wife,

As deere to me, as are the ruddy dropes

That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to Wife:

I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: *Caio's* Daughter.

Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex

Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?

Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:

I haue made strong prooue of my Constancie,

Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound

Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,

And not my Husbands Secrets?

Brut. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,

And by and by thy bosome shall partake

The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will contrue to thee,

All the Characters of my sad browes:

Leaue me with haile.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.

Brut. *Caio Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caio Ligarius*, how?

Caio. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brut. O what a time haue you chose our braue *Caio*

To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

Caio. I am not sicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Brut. Such an exploit haue I in hand *Ligarius*,

Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Caio. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,

I heere discarde my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,

Braue Sonne, deri'd from Honourable Loines,

Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniur'd vp

My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,

And I will strue with things impossible;

Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Brut. A peece of worke,

That will make sicke men whole.

Caio. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?

Brut. That must we also. What it is my *Caio*,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

Caio. Set on your foote,

And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth

That *Brutus* leads me on.

Brut. Follow me then.

Thunder.

Exit.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,

Haue bene at peace to night:

Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out,

Helpe, ho: They mutther Caesar. Who's within?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord.

Caes. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,

And bring me their opinions of Successe.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Caesar*? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stirre out of your house to day.

Caes. *Caesar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,

Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see

The face of *Caesar*, they are vanisht.

Calp.

Calp. *Caesar*, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,  
Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,  
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.  
A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets,  
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;  
Pierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds  
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre  
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:  
The noise of Bartell hurtled in the Ayre:  
Horses do neigh, and dying men did grone,  
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.  
O *Caesar*, these things are beyond all vie,  
And I do feare them.

Caes. What can be auoyd

Whole end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?

Yet *Caesar* shall go forth: for these Predictions

Are to the world in generall, as to *Caesar*.

Calp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seene,

The Heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes

Caes. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,

The valiant neuer taste of death but once:

Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,

It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,

Seeing that death, a necessary end

Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Seruant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.

Plucking the intrayles of an Offering forth,

They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Caes. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:

*Caesar* should be a Beast without a heart

If he should stay at home to day for feare:

No *Caesar* shall not; Danger knowes full well

That *Caesar* is more dangerous then he.

We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible,

And *Caesar* shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,

Your wisdome is consum'd in confidence:

Donot go forth to day: Call it my feare,

That keeps you in the house, and not your owne.

Wee'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,

And he shall say, you are not well to day:

Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.

Caes. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,

And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Deci. *Caesar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Caesar*,

I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Caes. And you are come in very happy time,

To beare my greeting to the Senators,

And tell them that I will not come to day:

Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:

I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sicke.

Caes. Shall *Caesar* send a Lye?

Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,

To be afeard to tell Gray-beards the truth:

*Decius*, go tell them, *Caesar* will not come.

Deci. Most mighty *Caesar*, let me know some cause,

Left I be laugh't at when I tell them so.

Caes. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,

That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your priuate satisfaction,  
Because I loue you, I will let you know.  
*Calphurnia* heere my wife, stayes me at home:  
She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,  
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts  
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:  
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,  
And euils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,

It was a vision, faire and fortunate:

Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke

Renewing blood, and that great men shall presse

For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognoisance.

This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is signified.

Caes. And this way haue you well expounded it.

Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:

And know it now, the Senate haue concluded

To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *Caesar*.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

Breake vp the Senate, till another time:

When *Caesar's* wife shall meere with better Dreames.

If *Caesar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper

Loe *Caesar* is afraid?

Pardon me *Caesar*, for my deere deere loue

To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:

And reason to my loue is liable.

Caes. How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calphurnia*!

I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.

Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebo-

nus, Cynna, and Publius.

And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow *Caesar*.

Caes. Welcome *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so earely too?

Good morrow *Caska*: *Caio Ligarius*,

*Caesar* was ne're so much your enemy,

As that same Ague which hath made you leane.

What is't a Clocke?

Brut. *Caesar*, 'tis stricken eight.

Caes. I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Reuels long a-nights

Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant. So to most Noble *Caesar*.

Caes. Bid them prepare within:

I am too blame to be thus waited for.

Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,

I haue an houres talke in store for you:

Remember that you call on me to day:

Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Caesar* I will: and so neere will I be,

That your best Friends shall wish I had bene further.

Caes. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me

And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Brut. That euery like is not the same, O *Caesar*,

The heart of *Brutus* carnes to thinke vpon.

Exit.

Enter Artemidorus.

*Caesar*, beware of Brutus, take heed of *Cassius*, come not

neere.